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Select Poetry.

SONG.

BY SCOTT.

The sun upon the lake is low.
The wild birds hush their song.
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high;
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armor bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow,
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the cart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

Select Miscellany

THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZBUE.

In a large city in Germany dwelt two sisters, Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had the good fortune to be very handsome, and the bad fortune to find it out very soon. She soon accustomed herself to look in the glass—that was natural, she soon took pains in dressing—that was pardonable; she endeavored to acquire accomplishments—that was prudent; but she thought that nothing more was necessary—that was foolish. True, she played well on the harpsichord, and sung bravura airs with taste; she drew landscapes after Hackert, and embroidered flowers from nature. But she only played the harpsicord in great companies, and only sung airs at concerts, she only drew landscapes for exhibition, and embroidered flowers, for sofas and screens. At home time passed tediously, although her weak mother was continually praising her beauty. This old truth could only give pleasure by coming from new lips; hence Jeannette was continually seeking new society. Ladies always practice a certain economy in the praise of other ladies, but gentlemen, on the contrary, generally very lavish of praise, and therefore Jeannette was very fond of the society of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have thought and acted in the same manner, but no one praised the poor girl, simply because no one noticed her, for the small pox had rendered her appearance homely. She was also far behind her sister in showy accomplishments. She played the guitar and sung agreeable, but merely simple little songs. She was not behind Jeannette in the art of drawing; but, except a few landscapes which hung in her mother's chamber, which no one but her mother saw, no one knew of her talent, for the homely Pauline was as diffident as the fascinating Jeannette was unembarrassed, and it only required a second look from any one to cause her to blush deeply. Fortunately this did not often happen, for no one looked at her twice. She embroidered as well as her sister, but only upon work bags for aunts and grandmothers. She appeared best at home—in company the consciousness of her homeliness gave her an air of constraint; but at home affairs could not go on without her.

When the girls grew up their mother thought proper that they should take charge of the house, each one by turns, week about. Pauline soon became accustomed to it, and in her week all things went on right. When Jeannette's turn came she hurried about busily the whole forenoon, but when noon came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved at the time she lost from her singing and harpsichord and at the little time which she was left to arrange her head dress for her evening parties. The good-hearted Pauline frequently took her task off her hands, until finally the practice was neglected of relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette troubled herself no more about domestic affairs. The weak mother did not interfere, for she could not be displeased with the lovely face that pleased everybody. There could be no large party unless Jeannette Western graced it; her name served the poets for a subject and was the universal toast. Few only knew that she had a sister.

Two young officers, Edward and Maurice, saw Jeannette, and both became extremly enamored. Both were of good family, brave, noble, and both very rich. Jeannette was delighted with her conquests, and her mother, who was in moderate circumstances, indulged herself in sweet dreams of the future. "If both should be in earnest," said she to her daughter, "which will you prefer?"

"I don't know myself," answered Jeannette, "they both please me, but I shall like the richest one best. Then I should take care of you mother in your old age, and I would have my sister manage my house for me."

The doating parent wept for joy at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sisterly affection. In the meantime both of the young men wooed earnestly for the beauty's favor, and both were kind to the homely Pauline because she gave them the pleasure of being alone with her sister. Jeannette was really inembarrassment which of her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball, at which she was queen, and she thought on the evening she was in a fair way to love Edward Maurice gave a sleigh ride, and she flew along the streets in a splendid equipage, and on that day she thought Maurice more amiable than his rival. So she delayed her decision from one day to another, attributing her hesitation to her heart.

"If I were in your place," said Pauline one day, "I should take Edward."

"Why? Maurice is as rich, and you will acknowledge that he is the handsomest."

"He is generous, too," said the mother.

"But he is fickle," replied Pauline.—"Our aunt has told me a good many things about him."

"Our aunt," answered Jeannette, snappishly, "is an old aunt."

"Edward, on the other hand," continued Pauline, "is more steady, and I think I have often remarked that he feels more deeply and more sincerely than Maurice."

"Pshaw!" said Jeannette, tossing her head before the glass, "they both feel so deeply that I hardly know how to manage them. Meanwhile what harm will there be in delaying my choice awhile? Their rivalry makes my time pass pleasantly, and finally accident will decide."

Pauline was silent. But the suitors continued their attention without remission.

One day as Edward entered the room he found Pauline in tears and Jeannette laughing loudly. He asked modestly the cause of the tears, and the laughter.—"I am a child," said Pauline, blushing, and left the chamber.

"A child indeed," said Jeannette, laughing after her; you would never guess what she was crying for,"

"If it is not improper to ask—"

"Oh not at all. You have probably at some times remarked the old blind dog that used to lie on the sofa? He was mine and in his young days used to make a good deal of sport. This morning he broke a handsome dish. At first I fretted a little: at last I thought the blind animal was good for nothing and only did mischief, so I sent him to the huntsman and had him shot."

"And that was the cause of your sisters weeping?"

That was it. One would think we were living in the time of romance."

Edward was silent and soon changed the conversation. But after that time he never overed looked Pauline as he had formerly done. He conversed sometimes with her, became acquainted with her unpretending worth, admired her modesty, and began to think her appearance less homely. Yet when the fascinating Jeannette appeared, her charms made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid masquerade dress for the character of a Sultana, for the carnival which was approaching when her mother was taken sick. Pauline was to have accompanied her as her slave, and had prepared a becoming dress for the occasion. The day arrived; the illness of her mother had increased; the looks of the physician although he said nothing, made Pauline determine not to go to the masquerade. Jeannette gave herself but little trouble to persuade her to go, and went without her.

"Where is your sister?" asked Edward.

"My mother is not well, and Pauline has remained at home for company."—He was pleased at that; but he had little time to think of it, for Jeannette appeared more beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Maurice left her side.—She enjoyed the triumph of being admired in the highest degree. Whenever she danced a crowd swarm d around her, wherever she went she heard the voice of flattery.

Towards midnight, just as she had promised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a domino came up and took off his mask; it was her mother's physician. "Miss," said he, "I have just come from your house, and I dare not conceal from you that your mother is very ill."

"Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, terrified and perplexed, "I must go this moment."

"By all means," said Edward, "let us go,"

Just then the music commenced. Jeannette looked around embarrassed; Edward off ered his services to look for her servant. She was just on the point of requesting him to do so when one of the dancers in the set took her hand and commenced the figure. She obeyed the mechanically, but said to a lady standing next to her, "I cannot dance any longer, my mother's sick." "O, do not rob us of the ornament of our quadrille," said a young Englishman, "a few minutes can make no difference." She looked at Edward as if she wished him to decide for her, but he was silent. It was now his turn to dance. The person next to him jogged him—he cast an inquiring look at Jeannette; his neighbor reminded him again; Jeannette did not refuse, and so he danced the figure with her, and the quadrille was finished without any more being said. She would have gone then, but she was so heated that she would have taken cold by going into the air. After walking up and down an adjoining room for sometime, she went home, and Edward accompained her. As they went up the steps they saw a fire in the kitchen, where Pauline was at the fireplace preparing something for her mother. Her countenance reddened by the glow of the fire, appeared hansome this time, to Edward.

"It is well you have come," said Pauline to her sister, "mother has been very sick and I have frequently had to leave her alone."

Edward felt himself in a singular frame of mind. On this very evening Jeannette had dropped some hints, which gave hopes of gaining the victory over his rival. His delight on that account, however, had been very much moderated since the last quadrille. A film fell from his eyes. He was able for the first time to look upon her beauty without a violent wish to possess her. He was probably [illegible] vanity had not whispered that she would have immediately left the ball had she not been dancing with him; and that it was he who made her forget her duty for a moment. His feelings could not withstand the flattering thought of being beloved by so beautiful a girl, and all that reason could win of him was a determination to put her suppposed affection for him to proof.

He waited until her mother recovered and then went with an air of trouble in his countenance to Jeannette, and informed her that his estate in Suabia had been ravaged by the enemy, and that it would take at least a year's rent to put it in its former condition. "But," added he, tenderly, "if Jeannette only loves me, my income will be sufficient to protect us from want." She was visibly shocked and changed color as he began his relation and her endeavors to conceal her confusion did not escape him. An anxious pause ensued. She soon, however, recovered her composure, laid her hand upon his in a friendly way and said:

"My good friend, I will not deceive you, I am a spoiled child, and cannot do without a great many things. We are neither of us romances. We know that the hottest love will grow cold in a cottage. That I am well inclined to you I will not deny; but we must act reasonably—remain my friend.

This declaration was a thrust in the heart of Edward, but it was a beneficial operation—the wound soon healed He soon afterwards repeated the story in presence of Pauline. She did not look up from her embroidery, but he remarked that her eyes were moist. "What gives me the most pain from this misfortune," continued he, "is the poverty of my mother—my good mother. If I should devote the whole of my income to her, it would not be sufficient to provide her the luxuries she has been accustomed to, and you know that property always depends on the different wants of mankind." Pauline raised her head looked at him kindly. She said nothing, but her countenance spoke. The needle trembled in her hand. She bethought herself and continued her embroidery.—She asked, as if merely to renew the conversation, "where does your mother reside?" Edward answered in Stutgard—wherein, really, she was in the highest circle of society. Pauline then spoke of the pleasant situation and advantages of Statgard, and nothing more was said of Edward's misfortune. For the purpose of confirming what he had said of his losses, he limited his expenditures and sold his fine horses. He continued to visit the sisters, and the calmness of his feelings permitted him to see a thousand little things that had formerly escaped him. None of his observations were of a kind to rekindle his former love—on the other hand Pauline appeared to be more amiable to him, and her homeliness less striking. As he now conversed more with her than with Jeannette, she felt more confidence towards him, her bashfulness was conquered and she unfolded her heart.—What conduced very much to this was the modest supposition that Edward could have no thought of a marriage with her; that removed her embarrassment, and she showed her pure unrestrained sisterly affection.

Jeannett, on the other hand, did not receive much pleasure from his visits, which were especially disagreeable when Maurice was present. To him she now confined her whole coquetry, and soon drew the net so tightly over him that he besought her every day to make him the most enviable of mortals at the altar. She still took airs upon herself and teased him for a while, but at last unhesitatingly gave her consent. The lover was excessively delighted, and the most extensive preparations were commenced for the nuptials.

Meanwhile, Edward continued very calm. He was no longer in love with Jeannette, it appeared to him at times as if he loved Pauline. His wish to see her, if he had not seen her for a day or two; the quickness with which time passed in her company; the unwillingness with which he separated from her—all these things often made him think "what if I should offer Pauline my hand?" A surprising occurrence, decided, for him.

He received a letter from his mother, containing a bill of exchange upon Stutgard for one hundred dollars, signed by one of the principal bankers of the place in which Edward resided.

"I cannot comprehend," she wrote in her letter, "why it should have been sent to me. It was sent in an anonymous letter, in which I am besought in a few lines not to despise the gift of a good heart.'

A flame blazed in Edward's breast—he trembled—his eyes sparkled—he hurried to the bankers.

"Did you draw this bill of exchange?"

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"I have been paid the value."

"By whom?"

"I cannot say."

"But the bill of exchange was sent to my mother."

"I know nothing of that—it is no business of mine."

"I beg you to tell me the person."

"I cannot."

"You will probably cause me happiness of my life."

The banker looked at him surprised. [illegible] the right person."

"Yes."

"Miss Pauline Western?"

"You have guessed it."

Edward hurried out. In two minutes he lay at Pauline's feet, and asked her hand. She was confused—she could not answer—she sighed. He put his arm around her—

"Am I disagreeable to you?"

She sank upon his breast. "Oh, no! I have long loved you, but how could I hope?"

The first raptures of love flowed thro' two noble hearts. Pauline could not comprehend how Edward had taken such a sudden, violent resolution. She often asked the reason. He smiled, but did not answer.

Her nuptials with the poor Edward were fixed for the same day on which Jeannette was to marry the rich Maurice. Pauline made dispositions for strict frugality in her future domestic affairs. Her white, plain bridal dress contrasted powerfully with the silver lace of her sister. Edward pressed her to his heart and smiled.

"To morrow," said he, "I will inform my mother of the choice I have made. You must also add a letter."

Pauline promised it not without some embarrassment, and Edward smiled again.

On the next day she handed him the letter, but showed him at the same time her finger bound up, which had compelled her to get her sister to write the letter. Edward kissed the finger, cast a look of love upon her, and a tear stood in his sparkling eyes. She blushed and thought something was not right, but he said very well," and smiled.

The marriage day appeared. Edward came early in the morning and laid a valuable necklace in his bride's lap.—Pauline was astonished, but Jeannette was more so, for the necklace was more valuable than her own.

"I have been practicing usury," said Edward jestingly, "a little sum advanced by a noble lady, a friend of mine, has doubled itself a thousand fold."

"By a lady?" said Pauline.

"The necklace is very fine," continued he, but what adorns it most and will make me the happiest of men is concealed in the paper."

She opened it confusedly. It was the wedding ring folded in the bill of exchange. Pauline recognized it at the first glance and cast down her eyes blushing. Edward fell at her feet. She sunk down. "To deceive me so!" she whispered.

When all was explained, Pauline's mother embraced her, while Jeannette tossed her pretty head. She endeavored to conceal her vexation, but her marriage day was the commencement of her matrimonial ill humor.

Several years passed. Edward found to his astonishment that he had been blind—that his wife was really handsome, and that his domestic happiness increased every day. Domestic happiness never made its home with Jeannette. The sisters seldom saw each other, for Pauline only lived for her husband and children—Jeannette only for the great world.

Here she found sufficient amends for the only true happiness of marriage as long as her beauty attracted new admirers, and as long as her husbands wealth afforded the means of expensive luxuries. But alas! her charms began to vanish—she grew sick, the affection of her husband became deadened—his coffers were emptied—Madam ran in debt—Monsieur gambled away her jewels. She began with complaining and ended with reproaches. At length one morning Maurice rode away, without taking leave and was never heard of afterwards.

Poor and helpless, Jeannette was forced to seek an asylum with her sister.—She was kindly received, and treated with the most tender forbearance, but her conscience was not at ease. A violent cough enfeebled her frame, and in her twenty eighth year no trace of her former beauty remained. Her mind was soured and embittered so that she was rendered unfit for any domestic joys. The servants trembled before her. If the nurse wished to hush the infant she had only to say "Aunt is coming!" The larger children when at play, if they heard her cough at a distance slipped into some corner and whispered to one another, "Aunt is coming!"

☞One of the miseries of human life, is being a compositor on a newspaper, and having to insert the marriage of the girl you love, with a man old enough to be your father—he is rich and you are poor.

☞Longfellow beautifully says, that Sunday is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week."

THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY.

"What shall I do?" and the old bachelor stamped about the sitting room in a perfect rage of doubt, looking first at the napping babe, in the little willow cradle, and then at the busy French clock on the mantel shelf.

"As sure as my name is Joseph Phelps, that little two-fisted, large-lunged nephew of mine is about waking, and it wants an hour of the time which its mother appointed for her return. Whew! I actually swet thinking about it. What can I do with it? How can I treat it to sugar what-d'ye-call-'ems, or hold it, or trot it, or do anything with it?"

[illegible] baby receptacle brought bachelor Joseph to his taps. With an energy and alacrity that would not illy become a husband and a baby-tender, he commenced rocking the cradle, sending the indignant baby into a perfect tremor of kicks and squalls. Backward and forward from one side of the pillow to the other, the round, red face rolled; the infant's fists were clinched with a force that purpled them, while from the white, plump throat came a cry that set the bachelor wild with fear.

Again Joe looked at the clock.

"What in the deuce can I do?" he exclaimed, viewing wofully the little inflamed face before him.

He sat down in a big chair before baby, spread a double table quilt over his knees, and with a look of terror upon his face, proceeded to take the baby from its resting place. He drew the young hopeful into his lap, just as a very neat old lady would pick up a pocket-handkerchief, with his thumbs and fingers. A fresh yell from the rosy mouth of the baby was the only expression of thanks as he commenced the never out-of-fashion baby trot.

"It must be that something is pricking him!" "Shoe! shoe!" said Joe, commencing a search for the aggravating pin that was driving the baby into such a rage, but no pin could be found; and he made an attempt to turn the baby over, but oh! the clumsiness of his fingers—the little eel-like form fell out from his lap to the floor, sending forth a cry that was "louder, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Lord save me, I've broke its neck!" was the exclamation as he picked the baby up, and in the agony of despair tried to quiet him. A thought struck Joe; he saw a basque hanging against the wall of an adjoining bed room, and with a smile of delight upon his countenance, he went for it. Sure enough, there it was, stuffing, bodice and all—a real monument of feminine ingenuity. He was wild with joy. He pinned it over his coat, and fastened the sleeves behind him. He took the baby and laid its head against the false breastwork.

"Shades of Southern plantations and cotton factories," exclaimed Joe, as baby rooted its nose in about a mile, then cuddled for a snooze. Then the bachelor commenced singing—

A tap upon the door stopped Joe in the midst of his suggestive song, and before he had time to disarray himself, the door was opened, and a roguish, laughing pair of eyes peered in upon him.

"Your sister is not at home, is she?" chirruped the visitor.

"No ma'am," stammered Joe, growing very red in the face; "and I have turned nurse!"

Miss Hayes laughed, offered to relieve him of his charge, which he willingly consented to, sitting near by the while, intently watching her. She managed the baby to a charm, without the basque, and Joe was captivated.

Joseph Phelps married Fanny Hayes.

☞Some gentlemen called upon an old woman and enquired if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied:

"Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you ask me such a question?"

Then, calling to a little girl, she said: "Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen."

They desired she would not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should see she was not a heathen. Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered; on opening it the old woman exclaimed—

"Well, how glad I am that you called and asked me about the Bible! Here are my spectacles! I have been looking for them these three years, and did not know where to find them."

An Apple Pie.—An old lady, from the country, had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple pie. "La,ma'm," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?" "Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple tree, and shake the fruit down into it."

☞An Alabamian, a few days since, went out to see the depot of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near the depot were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, he shouted to one, "Has the railroad got in?" "One end has, sir" was the prompt response.

☞What's the best to prevent old maids from di pairing?

"Pairing."

HOW SOME PEOPLE MARRY AND LIVE.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball room, falls in love with it, courts it, and marries it, goes to housekeeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are nine to one he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted; and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, and all he sat up with, and all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor, and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows a dozen faces which he likes better, gives up staying at home of evening, consoles [illegible] with cigars, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding house. Family of children grown up about him; but neither he nor his "face" know anything about training them so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the entire household.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, takes it to the parson's, weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow) that he too is married and has got a home. It's false. He is not married, and has no home; and he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box, but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, the new baby, and then bid the "fortune" and he who husbands it good morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded fortune were falsely declared one!

Take another case. A young lady is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. The dear miss is overcome with magnanimity closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married! yes, the worlds calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then they unluckily discover that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced it so.—*New Haven Palladium.*

CALLS ON HANSE.

We gave an account, some time ago of a little census scene that came off in Canal street, between the marshal, and a lady of Milesian extraction. We give to day a similar occurrence between one of the marshals and a gentleman from Germany, residing in Broad street:

"Who lives here?"

"Yaw."

"What's your name?"

"Sharmany, on the Rhine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for straw."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboats."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw—two barrels mit krout."

"How long have you resided in this house?"

"Two rooms under basement."

"Who owns the building."

"I bays not'ing. Hance bays der same twice a month."

"Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store as you come up mit der market in your rite hand, perhind der bump vhat pelongs to der blacksmid shops."

The marshal having entered all this made up his mind that he would push ahead and examine Hanse, who lives up stairs "mit der banisters." We shall note his success at an early day.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

☞Citizens should not only mind that they vote early, but *what* they vote. As an illustration of the importance of observing this maxim, the following is told as having recently happened at Pittsburg. A voter ran up as the polls were near closing, and in his hurry dropped his ticket, which defined his political proclivities as those congenial to a third party only—regular outsider. Here it is:

"Dear Miss ——— I cannot meet you at ——— this evening. My wife suspects—— keep shady. yours, affectionately,

*****."

An intinerent quack in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hays' rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow from his head, where it had loged for some time. "I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the would be doctor, "because, to do it would go nigh killin' ye but I can give ye a box o' pills that will melt it in yer head."

☞A little girl nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

WHAT MAKES OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

We will paint a picture—one in which the lights and shades appear strong, perhaps, but which every one will recognize as not outraging the truth of nature. There are two houses built side by side. In the one dwells a widow and her daughter, fair, light-hearted, the sunshine of her mother's declining years but alas! not rich. With all the affectionate instincts of a woman's heart, with all the capabilities to create happiness in a man's house, she remains unseen and unchosen. As time passes on she gradually deepens into old maidism. Where once she was heard singing about the home, like Ham making a sunshine [illegible] her voice, is now heard shrill in complaint; parrots and cats accumulate, taking the place of a more human love, and her words are those of sharp reproof and spite against those very instincts of maternity which have been so long the master-spirit of her thoughts. Her affections, after in vain throwing themselves out to seek some sympathetic answer, turn in with bitterness upon her own heart, and she remains the most melancholly of all spectators—a nature with aspirations unfilled. In the next house lives a bachelor, young, open-hearted and generous. Busied in the struggle of life, he has no time for parties; he sees little of society, the female portion of it especially; a knowledge of his own brusqueness of manners, at first prevents him from coming in contact with woman-kind, and this shyness in time becomes so strong as not to be overcome. It might seem strange, but we are convinced it is the fact that some men are much more afraid of women than women are of men, and fearing "to break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism. Gradually age grows upon him, chalk stone gathers upon his knuckles, gout seizes hold of his toes; served by menials he is a stranger to the soft and careful hand of affection; and he goes to the grave, his death not only unlamented but absolutely rejoiced over by his heir-at-law. A wall of but six inches thick has this time divided these two people. Society does not allow them even a chinck, which Like Pyramus and Thisbe, they might whisper through, although by nature they might have been formed to make a happy couple instead of two miserable units.

A STUBBORN STRIPLING.

Once upon a time a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of erudition, which is doled out at this Temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a very hard sum—he was cute on ciphering—thought it no more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel, and gave her a sly but rousing smack, which startled the whole assembly. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red hot warming-pan—and looking as silly as a ninny.

"Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye—calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches it contained.

"Jedediah," at length he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry," exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pride and indignation; "sorry! No, sir, I am not. And I will do jest so agin of I hev a chance. So put on, old feller, jest as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Jehosiphat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum' afore I'd be sorry for that—by thunder, I would!"

☞In a rural locality near new York was seen the following at a grocery where refreshments were kept:

"Here pize and Kakes and Bier I sell,
And Oysters stude and in the shell.
And Fride ones too for them that chews.
And with dispatch blak butes and shews."

A boy with ragged trousers and rimless chip hat, runs into Dr. Fuller's drug store, with a dipper in his hand, "Doctor, mother sent me down to the shoticary pop quicke'n blazes, coz bub's sick as the dickens with the picken chox, and she wants a thimble full of polly gollie in this din tipper, coz we hadn't bot a gottle and the kint pup's got the bine witters in it. Got any?

☞To kill bed bugs—tie them by the hind legs and then make mouths at them until you get them into convulsions, after which crawl around on the blind side and stone them to death.

New Patent.—The man who made impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone cutting.